

FORD TIMES



AUGUST 1977

**SPECIAL
NEW YORK
SECTION**



A Ford LTD vs. a Chevy Impala. 63% of those who tested both cars chose LTD.

This is not surprising because of the great differences between Ford LTD and Impala.

Recently 100 randomly selected Ford and Chevy owners in the Los Angeles area rated both Ford LTD and Impala for overall styling, interior and exterior features, roominess, trunk space, parking and driving under city, freeway and residential conditions. There were 55 tests in total.

At the conclusion of these tests, all were asked if they had to choose, which of these cars they would be more likely to buy. The answer? 63%, or almost two out of three, chose an LTD. We invite you to come in and see why today.



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Cover: Some of New York's pleasantest streets, like this one, are in Greenwich Village. A story on the Village begins on page 32. Painting by Max Altekruze.

Up Over Timberline

story and photos by James P. Jackson

*Come midsummer,
the high country is one
of nature's grandest
showplaces*

CLIMBING a high mountain is like journeying from home to the arctic tundra, but the trip is a lot quicker and more scenic. It leads upward from arid plains or juniper woods through stately ranks of pine and fir, finally passing the last stunted trees that yield to the harsh climate of alpine tundra.

Whether by auto or by foot, the climb and the scenery are always breathtaking. The air is thinner up there, colder, drier, and nearly always blowing hard. In winter the high country is a wasteland of ice and snow, but during its brief



summer it is one of nature's grandest showplaces.

My family and I seek the high country in midsummer. Most of the snow is melted then, and alpine wild flowers are at their loveliest. For short hikes there are some excellent timberline trails in our Western national parks: in Paradise Valley on Mount Rainier, up Cascade Canyon in the Grand Tetons, along the Garden Wall in Glacier and along the famous Trail Ridge Drive in Rocky Mountain National Park. For overnight backpacking jaunts I prefer one of the many wilderness areas in our national forests—they are less crowded at peak season.

Backpacking groups—even families with small children—can explore the high country in midsummer with no hardship. Due to



The marmot (above) and wild flowers appear on the slopes in summer



high altitude and thin air, the pace must be leisurely; and since it is cold at night, down sleeping bags and a lightweight tent are necessary. But the effort is worth any small discomforts. No sunset is lovelier than alpenglow on snowy peaks, no sleep better than that after physical exertion, no sunrise more welcomed than that on a frosty morning.

Then there are opportunities to see wildlife unique to the high country. One day, while walking along Glacier National Park's Garden Wall trail, I saw a girl turn suddenly at the sound of a wolfish whistle. But it was not a flirty lad she turned to; it was a marmot whose private domain she had invaded. Also known as rockchuck, the marmot is common about timberline and whistles at all intruders. A more elusive neighbor, one that squeaks instead of whistling, is the pika. This tiny cousin to the rabbit spreads hay to dry on the rock slides where it lives.

Big game animals are often seen about timberline in summer. Mule deer, bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goats tend to move up and down the slopes with the seasons; so do birds, but with the help of outstretched wings riding air currents.

Golden eagles which nest below timberline often make the circuit up and down several times a day, soaring over rocky slopes in search of careless marmots. Only a few species of birds actually nest above

timberline. One of them, the ptarmigan, is common on alpine slopes but often overlooked. Boulder gray in summer and white as snow in winter, it is a great example of camouflage and survives the alpine climate the year round, the only bird to do so.

The trees of timberline, stunted as they are, attract special attention. Specially adapted types can yield and bend to every wind and weight of snow; their twigs can even be tied in knots without breaking. One species, the bristlecone pine of the Southwest, has attained fame as the oldest form of tree life on earth; numerous gnarled specimens high in California's White Mountains are more than 4,000 years old.

Variation the rule

The battleline of tree survival is never straight. It advances upward on warm southern exposures, and retreats downward where assaulted by winter's northwesterners. Timberline may vary by hundreds of feet on a single mountain; its elevation above sea level also varies with latitude above the equator.

The stresses of timberline apply to smaller plants as well as to trees. Yet wild flowers are profuse. One of my favorites, the glacier lily, can be followed in its emergence only a few feet away from melting, receding snowbanks. Others whose blossoming progresses with the season have names as colorful as their flowers: pasqueflower, bear





grass, harebell, elephanthead and various shades of Indian paintbrush.

The dwarf plants above timberline are uniquely adapted to survive a harsh, tundra-like climate. They maintain a low profile to reduce their exposure to chilling winds. Moss campion, a classic example, has tiny blossoms which rise no more than a half inch above a pincushion of greenery. The leaves of many alpine wild flowers are insulated with tiny hairs to deflect icy, desiccating winds.

Flowers slow to mature

With a brief growing season of barely two months, alpine wild flowers are extremely slow to mature. The glacier lily does not produce a blossom until its seventh year. Moss campion, though blooming sparingly by its 10th year, does not reach prime development for two decades.

Such slow rates of growth ought to suggest why any disturbances to a natural tundra environment are so long-lasting; this applies to soils as well as to plants.

Luckily, most people who venture up over timberline, by whatever means, do so with utmost respect for the area. We follow the highways and footpaths upward in search of beauty, wildlife, adventure. Once in the high country we find ourselves visitors to an enchanted world which is harsh, challenging, but also extremely fragile. □



Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "This Little Piggy Went to New Milford," by Chris Chase, is the third in our series. It appeared in the issue of August 1971. Ms. Chase, a free-

lance writer and frequent contributor to The New York Times, recently was commissioned to work with Betty Ford on the former First Lady's biography.



This Little Piggy Went to New Milford

...And, like "The Man Who Came to Dinner,"
stayed awhile

by Chris Chase

Love, as Judy Garland used to sing to us, is funny.

I thought I could take New Milford, Connecticut, or leave it alone; I didn't expect anything from New Milford except a peaceful weekend. I was wrong. There was nothing peaceful about the weekend—I broke my foot—and now I can't leave New Milford alone. It's a fever in my blood.

Perhaps the people who founded the town also were

struck by a fever. They got a deed from good Queen Anne in 1702 (they promised to send her "oar of gold and silver" and welshed), but decided they'd better do business with the Weantinock Indians, too. The Indians seemed to have as much right to the neighborhood as some English lady. Besides, the Indians were there—looking irritable. Anyhow, the Indians sold New Milford for 124 pounds. I think they made a big mistake.

But that was in 1702. I made my mistake in 1970.

It began when my sister rented a summer house on a lake in New Milford. Beautiful. Trees. Rolling countryside. And she phoned to tell me she'd found a tennis teacher, and I should come take a lesson at the New Milford Racquet Club. Naturally, I rushed right up, strode onto the court, and broke my foot. It was the end of my life as an athlete.

But it was the beginning of my life in New Milford. Because I couldn't go home. At home, I'd have had to climb three flights of stairs just to get in my front door, and then I would have starved.

I sniveled and acted badly, and all the time the magic of New Milford was beginning to work on my subconscious.

For instance, it was 9 o'clock at night when my sister called the New Milford Hospital and told them about my accident. They said to bring me right in, the X-ray technician would wait for us.

In a New York City (my home town) emergency room, nobody waits for you. You wait for them, and you'd better have something to read while you're waiting.

The X-ray technician was nice, the doctor who put a

cast on my foot was nice, and the room where we waited was bright and clean. Between X-ray and diagnosis, we watched arrivals and departures. In New York, it tends to be knife wounds and wife beatings. In New Milford, life is gentler. A woman came in with a wheeze—"I think it's air conditioning," she said; a man showed up with a bee sting; and then a young couple appeared.



She was so pregnant she could scarcely move; he followed, anxious, wordless. A nurse asked, "Are you in labor?"

The girl nodded, eyes glazed, and the nurse ran for a wheelchair. Another nurse got the elevator, and they wheeled the girl in. The husband just stood there, a desperate need to help playing across his face. Suddenly, as the elevator door slid shut, he waved his arm in the air. "Hey!" he called, "You forgot your cigarettes—"

Next day, my sister decided to chauffeur me around New Milford, finding places to shop, to sight-see, to eat. Especially to eat. My sister knows a pig when she's keeping one.

Every morning for two weeks I clumped into the car and we took off.

We discovered Young's Hotel, right in town, across from the railroad station. (The railroad station seldom sees a train, there's possibly one a day on weekends, but it does house a gift shop—called Sabrina Fare—built right into the structure.)

Actually, we didn't discover Young's Hotel. It's been there all along (a 1906 bird's-eye-view map of New Milford refers to T. F. Young, "Propr. Young's Hotel") and I'm told it was the scene of Arthur Miller's and Marilyn Monroe's wedding breakfast. The restaurant of the hotel is terrific. It's plain, old-fashioned, a bit tea-roomy in atmosphere, with good American cooking, thick slabs of roast beef, hot rolls, and reasonable prices. The atmosphere is friendly, and absolute strangers at a nearby table will lean over and warn you not to miss the pecan pie with whipped cream. Pecan pie with whipped cream does wonders for a busted foot.

In the heart of New Milford, it's easy to find your way around because the founding fathers were unusually direct about calling a spade a spade. Not only is the railroad on Railroad Street, but the bridge is on Bridge Street. The Roger Sherman Town Hall (named for a chap who served in the Continental Congress, was later a U.S. senator from Connecticut, and who helped—according to New Milford historians—Thomas Jefferson draft the Declaration of Independence) is on one side of the Village Green; the old Post Office building sits placidly on the other side.

The Village Green has been there since the town began. It's still got a bandstand, a smallish circular affair of painted wood which looks more like a gazebo than an orchestra shell. At present, there's a World War II tank ensconced on the green (at least there was last summer) which means there's always an army of kids ensconced there too, climbing over, crawling under, and generally making themselves at home around the ferocious-looking machine.

There's a Mill Street (almost from the beginning, New Milford had grist, saw, brandy and stone mills), and there's a Bank Street (where, on the aforementioned 1906 map, one can

observe not only the United Bank Building but also an establishment shared by Hubert Thomas "Furniture Dealer and Funeral Director" and Henry Donnelly, who ran a cafe).

Another glory of New Milford is U.S. 7. On that road, all the way from New Milford to Danbury, there are marvels to be investigated. There's a place called the Rose Mill Gourmet Shop, which sells cream cheesecakes so unspeakably melting you cannot believe your tongue. The smallest one costs \$4, but nobody complains. Only problem about Rose Mill's cheesecakes is that the supply depends on the mood of the woman who turns them out. Sometimes her husband sends you away, cakeless. "She just doesn't feel like makin' any more," he says.

On U.S. 7 there are shoe places (The Shoe Box, for one) where you can buy famous-brand shoes for half what they bring retail, and there's a place called Hoffman's Poultry Farm that puts up sensational blackberry jam and homemade relishes. There are also Hausmann's roadside stands where you can get corn newly picked out of the fields. For a city refugee, that's heaven.

There are numberless antique places on the route; one is a shack called The Country Exchange. Its owners take everything on consignment, and sometimes have museum quality pieces for little money. (If you look at a pitcher or a brooch, go away to think about it, then come back, you're generally out of luck because a dealer has come in and bought it while you were thinking.)

New Milford is, of course, a kind of hub, surrounded by other colonial towns: Kent, Washington, Litchfield. If you want to see where the rich send their sons and daughters, the hills are crawling with prep schools: Canterbury (the late

President John F. Kennedy is said to have gone there, briefly), The Gunnery, Kent, Rumsey Hall, Wykeham Rise.

If you drive to Litchfield you can find huge old white houses set back on broad quiet streets, literally out of another century. The Litchfield Woman's Exchange is reached by walking down cobblestoned mews; it has wonderful quilts and baby clothes, and there's a good-looking, bad-smelling bookstore in what used to be, not surprisingly, stables.

But New Milford smells sensational. Green. And, a little bit, of cows.

The first man ever to settle in New Milford was named John Noble. He built a log cabin at the foot of Guarding Mountain, a few yards from what is now—what else?—U.S. 7.

In the 1720s the authorities had to narrow Main Street because a bunch of squatters had put "dwellings on the highway." In 1737 the first bridge across the Housatonic River was erected.

Sad to say, it was a toll bridge.

One last historical note: There's a brook emptying into the Housatonic which reels under the splendid Indian name, Naromiyocknowusunkatankshunk. This translates as "You fish on your end of stream, I fish on my end, nobody fish in the middle." (This is a legendary translation which is attributed to many lakes with long Indian names.)

Anyway, I'll do whatever they say. I'll pay the bridge toll. I won't fish in the middle. When the Rose Mill lady doesn't feel like baking cheesecake, I'll never say an unkind word. If only they'll let me come back to New Milford—where everyone's kind and everything's leisurely and nobody runs. Not even the trains. □

THE DAY we acquired Mr. Neely, Doris declared that it was hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. My older sister and I had just moved from one South Philadelphia neighborhood to another with our parents and grandparents. Even the oppressive humidity of the late-June day was not enough to detract from our joyous discovery that a lamppost was situated on our new sidewalk.

by Ruth Wilent Heaney

Somehow we managed to shinny up to the crosspiece near the lamp globe. In the process of doing so, we managed to grind most of the city soot off the metal post and into our clothes. Finally we grasped a bar on either side of the pole and dangled there in triumph. From this precarious position we were able to see the approaching man with snowy hair and mustache before he spotted us.

illustrations by Larry Wozniak

Every
Child
Should
Know a
Mr. Neely





Within seconds, Mr. Neely glanced up and discovered the two dirty little girls adorning the lamp-post. He raised his white Panama hat, smiled politely as if suspended small people were an ordinary occurrence, and said, "Good afternoon."

We stared in mute astonishment, but all at once our Hoover aprons were not quite so soiled, our Buster Brown sandals not nearly so scuffed. Because Mr. Neely had tipped his hat, at the age of four I felt the first feeble flicker of individual worth. In the years to come, Doris and I—usually earth-bound—would acquire the skill and courtesy to respond, "Hello, Mr. Neely." Our conversations, though, were never to extend beyond this mutual greeting.

Curiously enough, I don't remember any details about the life of Mr. Neely. He was simply the elderly gentleman who, we came

to learn, resided three doors up from us. Yet, for as long as we lived there, Mr. Neely provided that final drop—the one it takes to make the cup run over.

Did Mr. Neely have a wife? I don't know. What I do know is that the winter I thought I was too stupid to learn how to figure arithmetic problems, Mr. Neely signaled with a felt fedora that I was still an important person anyway.

What sort of errands took Mr. Neely past our house almost every day? It didn't occur to me to ask. I learned this instead. The fall I was convinced I would be the only flat-chested female in a world of sweater girls, Mr. Neely still found me attractive enough to raise his hat.

How old was Mr. Neely? I never tried to guess. But when my mouth was a brilliant slash of lipstick and my fingernails were scarlet coated and the generations above ours insisted our generation was headed straight for disaster, I knew we weren't. Didn't Mr. Neely still salute us with his hat when he passed by?

Because of Mr. Neely's unspoken assertion that I was a lady, I was forced—sometimes reluctantly—to act like one. His upraised hat persuaded me, at the age of six, to stop spitting through the split between my two front teeth. At nine it ended my career of running into the paths of oncoming trolley cars to frighten the conductors.

When I was 13, that lifted hat made me stop cracking my chewing gum.

During my college years we moved from South Philadelphia and I gradually forgot there had ever been a Mr. Neely. Oddly enough, it took another move about 15 years later to bring him back to mind.

My husband and I had moved our growing family across our suburban town and into a larger house. One brisk Saturday morning we were all outside raking and pulling weeds. Suddenly I spied an older man picking his way through the scattered tricycles on our sidewalk. I recognized him immediately, even though his hair and mustache were graying rather than white. His Panama had been replaced by a slouch cap, and his name, it turned out, was Mr. Ralston. It made no difference. When I saw his hand creep toward the brim of his cap as he confronted my eight-year-old daughter, I could scarcely resist hugging him. My children were about to grow up with a Mr. Neely of their own!

Predictably, my sons and daughter stared at their Mr. Neely in much the same way Doris and I had stared at ours. Inside, though, they were probably standing a little straighter. Now their trips through childhood and adolescence would also run more smoothly because one adult was willing to give them an infinitesimal fraction of his time when his path crossed theirs.

I'm not exactly sure what kind of a boy grows up to be a Mr. Neely. Sometimes I look at the friends of my three sons and try to determine whether one of them is tomorrow's Mr. Neely. I haven't been able to spot him yet, but I'm confident he's there. A world without a Mr. Neely is unthinkable.

Perhaps it will be the man who emerges from one of those boys and still remembers that—despite the glowing, golden wonders of youth—growing up is an immensely difficult thing to do. And because he recalls the pain, the embarrassment, the frustration, the fear, he will make it a point always to smile and greet a child.

I don't suppose tomorrow's Mr. Neely will be wearing a white Panama, a felt fedora or a slouch cap, but I hope—oh, I do hope—he's wearing something on his head he can tip. □



In Praise of New York

by Frank Conroy paintings by Harvey Kidder

NEW YORK. A vertical city, as the French writer Céline once described it. London and Paris sprawl, but New York stands up.

Approaching from the east, you top a rise of the highway, and then, all at once, lifting before your eyes, as if the entire city were on some



enormous ascending platform, there it is—breathtaking in its scale, tall buildings jammed thick as far as the eye can see. The squat towers of downtown Brooklyn to the left, the swift curves of the spanning bridges above the river, the high, thin spires of the financial district, the hazy jumble of lower Manhattan, and smack in the center, the

huge cubist upthrust of midtown, illuminated by the glint of sun on glass. To the right, Harlem and the Bronx stretch northward into the distance. The panorama is so vast, and the vista so packed with dense detail, the observer is literally overwhelmed.

Once we cross the river, and into the streets of the city, things are

a bit easier to handle. Taken bit by bit, New York can be perceived. It is the whole that boggles the mind.

The city is a kind of living collage—an incredibly complicated patchwork of different atmospheres, overlapping textures, colors, sights and smells, all swirling in constant motion and interaction. The flower district—ablaze with light at 4 a.m. as banks of bright blossoms are off-loaded onto the sidewalks of Sixth Avenue. The eerie stillness of

Wall Street at dawn—empty, the narrow, curved alleys cut off from the sky's pale light, the click of a policeman's heels against the sidewalk audible for blocks around, echoing and re-echoing. Midtown night clubs and bars closing up as the buses and cabs begin to roll, bringing people to work. The very ground shaking as subways rush through the tunneled earth. Quiet, tree-lined streets warming in the morning sun as kids tumble down the stoops of brownstones and head for school. Stevedores on the docks. Office workers in the coffee shops. Heavy construction everywhere—jack-hammers cracking sidewalks, steelworkers riveting girders hundreds of feet in the air. Newspaper trucks rushing down the avenues, dropping bales of newsprint for the vendors. Joggers circling the reservoir in Central Park. New York in the morning is action—the entire city warming up for some unnamed momentous enterprise.

Visitors notice the speed, and the pressure, and it is undeniably there. The pace takes some getting used to, because New Yorkers are competitive people, highly focused on their goals, and they move quickly. They sometimes appear a bit cold, because they are trained, in the midst of the frantic activity in which they live, to pay attention to one thing at a time. The man selling hot dogs from a cart at 59th and Lexington is worried about the cop up the street. The cop is



worried about traffic backing up from the bridge because a society matron has double-parked in front of Bloomingdale's department store. Neither the vendor, the cop, nor the matron notice the fact that a lost child is crying on the sidewalk midway between them. The child cries a bit longer in New York than it would in, say, Cleveland, before someone stops to help, but that isn't because New Yorkers are cold, only because they are preoccupied.

And who wouldn't be in such a city? It's not only the size, but what the size contains. New York has more Italians than Rome, more Irish than Dublin, more Puerto Ricans than San Juan, more Jews than Haifa, and more Germans than Bremen, all in the same metropolis. Ethnic neighborhoods dot the five boroughs—Russian, Arab, Indian, Chinese, Hungarian, Pakistani, Greek, Swedish, and on and on.

The visitor can choose between an almost bewildering array of things to do and see. New York is the hot center of American art, and caters to every taste. The best jazz, and half a dozen symphony orchestras. Ballet and opera, and discotheques, and Tony Bennett at the Rainbow Grill. The Museum of Modern Art, and the Metropolitan. Clint Eastwood's latest movie on a double feature with Ingmar Bergman. Ibsen in one theater, and Neil Simon in another across the street. Everything is there—from



the vulgar to the sublime—and it is precisely that mix that keeps the arts in New York so healthy.

Supporting it all, of course, is the fact that New York is an international center of commerce. The money market, the garment industry, the media and advertising industries, the publishing world, international trade and countless other industries make their home in New York, with the result that an almost tangible sense of power hangs in the air. It is not only that so much is there, but that so much is being done there. A city of action, of process, in which life is an exhilarating gamble, and the stakes are high. London is the most civilized of cities, Paris the most beautiful. Hong Kong, they say, is the most frenzied, Stockholm the best run, and Sao Paulo the fastest growing, but New York is still the undisputed Queen. Her people come from everywhere, her energies are the result of a synergetic mix of many cultures, and she remains the first city, not only of America, but of the world. □



MADISON AVENUE



Small-Scale Wonders in the Big City

by Bodil W. Nielsen

photos by Leonard P. Johnson and Tom Geoly

VISITORS to New York City, whether first-time tourists or inured businessmen, seem accustomed, or rather resigned, to large-scale living. The description of New York's avenues as "glass canyons" may not be entirely accurate, but seems so if business or pleasure, or both, are restricted to the bustling "midtown" section housing the big-name department stores, the big anonymous office buildings, the name restaurants, the haunts of the glamorous denizens, the important hotels.

Like almost any big city, New

York is lots of little neighborhoods, and one of the best of these, surprisingly enough, is just above Big Midtown—upper Madison Avenue from 60th to 80th streets, close to the deluxe anonymity of Fifth Avenue stores, just above the mad ad world of the fifties. It is a civilized, surprising stretch of 22 blocks where walking, snacking, window-shopping or serious buying become elegant adventures.

This serendipitous strip contains some of the best shopping and browsing New York has to offer—the best art galleries, some of the

Phonétique (left) stocks hundreds of reproduction telephones and Rita Ford's Music Boxes (above) hundreds of music boxes

best antiquarians, some of the most elegant apparel shops in the world. Also small unusual holes-in-the-wall, whose owners are as adventurous as their customers, selling anything from antique ear trumpets to the smoothest cheesecakes and frozen yogurts in New York.

For the visitor (or native, for that matter) *the* side of the street is the west side, starting from the south with a fortifying libation at the newly decorated Carlton House bar. The Carlton House, by the way, is one of New York's posher apartment-hotels—very good for extended visits. Across the street are the famed Sherry-Lehmann wine merchants, whose wine prices can often be as low as their reputation is high.

In the Carlton building, at 684, is de Sedle, specializing in something the stretch is famous for—antique jewelry and bibelots. Eclectic, cluttered, established for over 50 years, de Sedle will offer everything from an antique pipe to a Victorian concoction of a mantel clock worth over \$5,000. The Reyn Gallery, next door, has a fine small collection of American and French paintings.

Between 62nd and 63rd, Little Michael's boutique sells super-chic for the young and skinny, just uptown from the classic timeless *couturière* of Women's Haberdasher's. Cambridge Chemists, at 702, is not your average drug store—products in the window are all ultra-chic French and British.



Poster Originals, Limited (above), has an extensive collection of—what else?—posters. The Carlton House is a posh base for extended visits to New York



In the sixties, particularly, the small scale of the Avenue continues into the side streets—from Madison to Fifth, going west, to Park Avenue going east, site of some of the prettiest old New York turn-of-the-century town houses, meticulously preserved (some as consulates or legations).

On the corner of 63rd is the well-known Galerie Felix Vercel, arranged rather like a two-story living room, where French (and other) old and new masters are arranged in *petits salons* in quiet harmony. At 716, M. J. Knoud, Inc., does not particularly acknowledge hard times or even the 20th century—its specialty is equestrian goods, from perfect polo mallets, handmade saddles and bridles, to carriage lamps and harnesses for one's coach horses—all beautifully crafted.

Phonétique, in the next block, is hilarious—hundreds of reproduction telephones from all periods ready to be jacked into any wall and ready for use. Sermoneta, farther up, has handwoven and knitted goods from all corners of the globe, reasonably priced.

Number 758, between 65th and 66th, houses super-chic side by side: one is Cache-Cache, a tiny glittering storehouse of perfect potteries, housewares, and objects for the ultimate country house, and the other is Meatique, acclaimed as one of the finest sources of beef, frozen specialties, and other delicacies from Beef Wellington to Chicken

Kiev (shipped anywhere in the States). Don't ask any prices here—simply indulge.

The superb new Italian store Ambiente, at the corner of 67th, stocks two hushed and beautiful stories of the best in Italian design, from furniture to lamps to impeccably crafted bar sets—all very modern, some of the best design in the world (which saves a trip to Milan).

Glass out of the ordinary

The next blocks specialize in glass—but not exactly *ordinary* glass. The tiny Contemporary Art Glass Group at 806 specializes in brilliant objects made by modern glassblowers, but with many of the pieces echoing Art Nouveau and Art Deco modes. Tiny Primavera, at 808, specializes in real Art Deco—objects, posters, prints, jewelry, bibelots, at all prices. At 816, it's serious—Minna Rosenblatt, Ltd., where an admired Tiffany lamp was casually priced at \$20,000.

In between, at 812, is one of New York's most venerable institutions, Rita Ford's Music Boxes. A charming lady, who seems to have nothing but time and music on her mind, Rita Ford has the most famous collection of music boxes anywhere, from the absurd to the utterly sublime, at all prices—toys much too good for children, too charming for grown-ups to resist.

Serious culture is right around the corner at the esteemed Knoedler Gallery (21 East 70th), from mod-

ern to old masters. Then, for serious fortifications in food and drink there is the Art Deco Polo Bar in the old-fashioned Westbury Hotel, decorated with etched glass panels of polo players and other horsey motifs (the atmosphere is that of an old Cunard liner).

Impossible to resist

If you're still hungry, it will be impossible to resist two gourmet havens in the next two blocks: the Caviarteria, at 870, with the best beluga (and some of the lowest prices) in town, among other exotic goodies, including succulent patés and hand-dipped chocolates. Or, farther uptown, the gourmand's grocer, Fraser-Morris, larger and more widely stocked, with imported specialties (fresh French *baguettes* flown in from Paris daily) and exotic fruits in and out of season.

In that same block, two tiny marvelous gift shops: The Mediterranean Shop, at 876, charmingly chock full of ceramics, tiles, linens, desk accessories, embroideries, perfect gifts; and the unusual Ffolio, at 888, which specializes in bookbinding, personalized stationery (clients include Bobby Short, Peter Duchin, Marisa Berenson), old movie posters, hand-dipped pencils—you name it, it's highly original and fun.

Le Cabinet Scientifique, in case you were going to ask, was the name given to the room in 18th century houses where scientific toys and equipment were stored, and

that's still the name of Phillip W. Pfeifer's startling and intriguing shop at 900, between 72nd and 73rd. The antique scientific and medical equipment is eerily beautiful, some for specialized collectors, obviously, some for really unusual gifts or conversation-stopping antiques. Learn about armillary spheres, a *camera lucida*, reflecting telescopes, old ear trumpets, even walking sticks with snuff boxes as heads.

Leo Kaplan, at 910, has a fine collection of antiques and *objets d'art*, mostly Art Deco glass. Poster Originals, Limited, at 924, has a large shiny space filled exclusively with an extensive, reasonable collection of American and European art posters (\$3.50 for their color catalog). Cross the avenue here for the real thing—Marcel Breuer's Whitney Museum of American Art. The building will delight or puzzle you, the exhibitions are always art-lovers' havens, as is the permanent collection.

Between 76th and 77th is the world-famous auction house of Parke-Bernet, where you can take your chances (against the experts) at bidding, but fantasize anyway at the exhibitions of goods about to go on the block. The same building houses the highly esteemed David Findlay Galleries—changing exhibitions of 19th and 20th century European masters as well as contemporary paintings and sculptures.

The Hyde Park Hotel, in the next block, holds the Gruenbaum Gal-



M. J. Knoud, Inc., has most everything in equestrian goods

lery, which shows the miraculously intricate collages of Adeline Herder—dazzling and profound. Next door is the only French restaurant around—the very Breton Les Marayeurs—specializing in seafood, quiet nautical ambiance, and one of the most unusual Sunday brunch buffets in town.

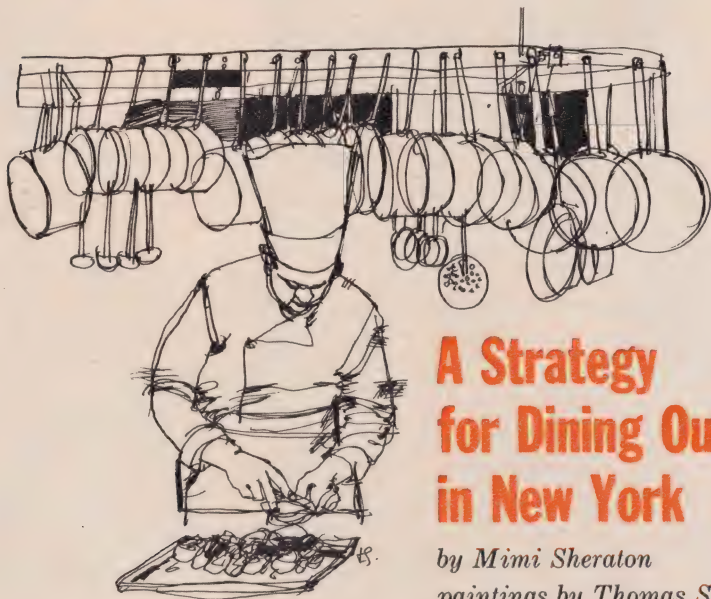
Frozen yogurt outstanding

Save dessert space for the next block. The tiny Le Glacier is rightly reputed to have the best frozen yogurt in New York, as well as natural ice creams in various flavors. Miss Grimble, at 1042, is famous

for pecan pie and cheesecake, and supplies any restaurant worth supplying.

If you're physically and financially exhausted by this time, Globe Trotter Antiques, next door, has a treasure hunt of \$3 antiques in the window—snuff boxes, jewels, pill boxes, whatnots.

Stop now—at 80th Street—and backtrack to the Carlyle Hotel at 76th Street, and hie to the Bemelmans Bar there. It's the Upper Madison institution, and always will be—as fitting a grace note as this graceful New York "neighborhood" deserves. □



A Strategy for Dining Out in New York

by Mimi Sheraton

paintings by Thomas Sgouros

WHERE restaurants are concerned, New York can prove to be the country's most satisfying city or its most frustrating. Either experience stems from the same cause—namely, the dazzling and dizzying choice of restaurants the city has to offer. Those who are both adventurous and lucky will be satisfied—and then some. Those who are overwhelmed by the choice may be paralyzed into sticking close to their hotel, or opting for steak, thereby missing the fascinating eth-

nic diversity New York presents. Then, too, there is the matter of price, for beyond doubt restaurant checks run higher here than elsewhere in the country, with only a few exceptions.

Those interested in at least one big splurge will find their only problem is choosing between the elegant French haute cuisine menus at La Caravelle, 33 West 55th Street, (JU 6-4252) or Lutece, 249 East 50th Street (PL 2-2225). If you want fancy food in a spectacularly elegant setting, the city's leading candidate is still the Four Seasons, 99 East 52nd Street (PL 4-9494), with its shimmering pool dining

Mimi Sheraton is restaurant critic for The New York Times.

room and its garden of seasonal plantings. Or, if you prefer a more esoteric original and one of the country's greatest restaurants, you might travel down to Greenwich Village for a visit to The Coach House, 110 Waverly Place (777-0303), where the Continental and American specialties are equally extraordinary.

Contrary to popular belief, not all New York restaurants match the lofty price range of those above (easily \$20 to \$35 per person for dinner without drinks or wine). But seeking out restaurants, both good and moderately priced, is harder work, and the following guide is intended to help you in that search. Most of the restaurants here are in midtown, though a few are beyond those limits. It is best to call any of these in advance, to make reservations where possible, and to check on the credit cards they honor.

Certainly one of the best buys in the theater district, if not in the entire city, is the bright and immaculate Pantheon, 689 Eighth Avenue, between 43rd and 44th streets (JU 6-9672). Freshly laundered cloths, full bar service with inexpensive Greek wines, and formal and efficient service all make one forget that this is in every sense a bargain. Try the assorted Greek antipasto, the puree of mullet roe—*taramasalata*—or the artichokes *à la grecque* as first courses. If it is soup you are in the mood for, have the tangy egg lemon broth with tiny meat

balls. *Moussaka*, spinach pie, very good broiled fish and meat-stuffed grape leaves with a yogurt sauce are among the lighter main courses, good for lunch or before theater. Shish kebob, thick, lean chunks of lamb braised with string beans or okra, and various roasts of the day are among the heartier choices, all accompanied by savory rice pilaff. *Baklava*, a custard cake *galactambourekos*, and a creamy rice pudding are the best desserts. Try Greek coffee—thick, sweet, strong and syrupy, but do not stir before drinking or you will unsettle the grounds. A la carte entrees range from about \$3.75 to \$5.50 and portions are generous.

Halfway between the cuisines of India and China, the cooking of Thailand is light, richly seasoned and with the intricate and intriguing textural contrasts that make it fun to eat. Thai food is well represented in a pleasantly atmospheric setting at Bangkok Cuisine, 885 Eighth Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd streets (581-6370), and at prices even a bit lower than those at Pantheon.

As with Chinese food, it is most interesting to share a Thai meal with four to six people so that a variety of contrasting dishes can be sampled. Specialties of the country that was formerly called Siam can be incendiarily hot with chili peppers or more gently seasoned with such exotic herbs as lemon grass and fresh coriander, or more plebeian



ingredients such as peanuts, garlic and onions. Try the delicate spring rolls, the wonderful lemon-scented shrimp soup, Thai beef curry, one hot shrimp dish, tiny broiled lamb, pork or beef kebobs known as *satays*, whole fish steamed or fried with ginger, bamboo shoots and black mushrooms, or, if your tastes run to the outré, a pungent cold salad of squid marinated in hot pepper sauce. Thai desserts tend to be sweetly sticky. Tea or beer are the most suitable beverages; the

subtleties of wine are wasted on this highly seasoned fare.

One of New York's most enduring, consistently satisfying Japanese restaurants is Fuji, 238 West 56th Street (CI 5-8594). In a typical Japanese setting—neat, trim and unpretentious—charming kimono-clad waitresses pour saki and tea, prepare *sukiyaki* or a superb Japanese *bouillabaisse* right at the table. The clear soup, *suimono*, briny fresh vegetable pickles, excellent *teriyaki* and *donabe* rice casseroles, and the

crisp, breaded fried pork cutlet, *tonkatsu*, all add up to delightful and satisfying lunches or dinners, at very moderate prices.

Almost next door, at 240 West 56th Street, *Chez Raymond* (245-3656) is a pleasant if unprepossessing French restaurant which is crowded at lunch, blessedly less so in the evening. Cooking here is careful and in the best bistro tradition. The assorted hors d'oeuvres includes a mustard-edged *céleri remoulade*, a decent *pâté*, and fresh marinated mushrooms. The course, garlicky sausage served warm with French potato salad is enough to serve as a main course at lunch, but is considered an appetizer then or at dinner. The *plats du jour* tend to be best choices; also all chicken and poultry dishes, sweetbreads and brains, and the rack of lamb. Pastries are properly flaky and delicate and the chocolate mousse, poetic. Although more expensive than the previous three restaurants, *Chez Raymond* must be considered moderate compared to other New York French restaurants serving the same calibre of food. Complete lunches range from \$6.10 to \$8.75; table d'hôte dinners from \$9.50 to \$12.50.

Not too far away is that local landmark, the Russian Tea Room, 150 West 57th Street (CO 5-0947). A favorite with show business celebrities (most especially, it seems, with stand-up comics), and musicians (it is practically next door to Carnegie Hall), this is a festive set-

ting with dark walls, blush pink tablecloths, Christmas ornaments sparkling from chandeliers the year round, and a museum quality collection of brass and silver samovars glistening from every corner. I like everything here, from the light luncheon entree, *sirniki* (tiny cottage cheese pancakes) and *blinchyky* (blintzes) through to the heftier, more lavish choices, such as the crisply fried, butter-filled chicken cutlet *Kiev* and the tender *karsky schaschlik*. Cool, mild puree of eggplant *Oriental*, fresh coral-pink salmon roe caviar, briny herrings or antequely rich soups such as the *borscht*, or *rossolnik*, both with the meat-filled turnover, *piroshky*, are all good beginnings, almost hearty enough to be the entire meal. Late night, the buckwheat pancakes *blini* served with red or black caviar and snowdrifts of sour cream are a good choice, washed down with genuine Russian vodka, served as it should be, nested in a mound of crushed ice. The best dessert is the *guriyev kasha*, a sort of semolina pudding, soothing and only mildly sweet. A table d'hôte dinner ranges from \$7.75 to \$12.75, while main courses with dessert and beverage run from \$5.25 to \$6.50 midday.

The Oyster Bar, on the lower level of Grand Central Station, 42nd Street and Park Avenue (532-3888), is another landmark, as much for its cavernous setting as for its seafood specialties. One can have anything at the long winding counters,

from the famous spicy and creamy oyster or clam stews and pan roasts to a complete meal of such international dishes as bouillabaisse, Russian *solianka*, or the Belgian fish soup classic, *waterzo*. Here and at the tables in the dining room, beautifully broiled and fried fish are also available as is a complete shore dinner. There is always a variety of regional oysters and clams priced singly so you can order an assortment, an interesting adventure for mollusk fanciers.

New York abounds in excellent Italian restaurants at every price

level. Those on a splurge would do well to dine at San Marco, 36 West 52nd Street (CI 6-5340), in a sophisticated setting where irresistible pasta dishes, delicate fish preparations and tender white veal carefully grilled, sauced or sautéed are all standards. Prices are high, with a three-course dinner for two ranging from \$18 upward.

Slightly less expensive and with a more limited menu, Salta in Bocca, 179 Madison Avenue between 33rd and 34th streets (684-1757), is another spot that is jammed at lunch, but more leisurely



and comfortable in the evening. All seafood and pasta dishes are superb as is the chicken Francese, Florentine or lightly sautéed *scarpariello* style, and the veal is all it should be. Try the raw mushroom salad with endive, either as appetizer or along with the main course. Prices are 25 to 30 per cent below those at San Marco.

Two other Italian favorites include the handsomely redecorated G. Lombardi in Little Italy at 53 Spring Street (226-9866) and Trattoria da Alfredo, in Greenwich Village at 90 Bank Street, corner of Hudson Street (929-4400). The first is a big spacey place with full bar service. The second is a very popular Village store-front restaurant to which you must bring your own drinks. Lombardi's is priced much like Salta in Bocca. Da Alfredo is a little lower in price than either of the others.

Anyone in New York for the weekend should consider having Sunday brunch, among the city's better buys both for food and setting. The newly restored Cafe des Artistes at 1 West 67th Street, just off Central Park West (TR 7-3500), provides a setting reminiscent of a Mittel Europa coffee house-conditorei. Some interesting breakfast fare is served up, including herring in apple sour cream dressing, a mild hot *saucisson* with French potato salad, crisp cauliflower salad and an intriguing assortment of *charcuterie* selections such as vary-

ing pâtés and sausages. These are enough to serve as main courses, though typical egg dishes are on hand. Save room for the extraordinary coffee cakes, the orange savarin and pecan Danish. Bloody Marys are well-made here. A pleasant and complete brunch will run \$7 to \$10 per person.

No doubt the city's most currently "in" restaurant is Windows on the World atop the north tower of the World Trade Center (938-1111). Although anyone can enjoy the view from this handsome restaurant by having a drink at the bar, reservations to dine there must be made months in advance. Brunch, however, is a good deal easier, although to be safe, write or phone a few weeks ahead to insure a reservation. There are two delightful Sunday meals here—a brunch in the terraced room called the Hors d'Oeuvrierie, where Mexican, Chinese and Danish breakfasts are served along with an à la carte menu. And in the main Windows on the World dining room there is a lavish buffet of marvelous salads, meats, shellfish and hot dishes, along with equally good desserts, all for \$11.50.

All of the brunches above are enough to serve as the big meal of the day, and will fortify you amply for an afternoon walk around town, a visit to a museum or to a concert, or might merely induce you to go back to your hotel room for a late-day nap. □

by Paul Gardner
photos by Vincent Bernardo

“GREENWICH VILLAGERS don’t sell their art, they *live* it,” quipped a poet-humorist during the Jazz Age, when New York’s downtown neighborhood, where Fifth Avenue ends, represented America’s citadel of Bohemia for artists, writers and actors who stepped above and beyond convention with an easy, graceful, joyous consciousness. Jolly eccentrics who preached free love, and political activists who advocated social reforms while imbibing bathtub gin,

GREENWICH VILLAGE

New York’s Answer to Paris





Top: The Jefferson Market Library (left) once was a courthouse and jail, and the cafe (below) is the site where Thomas Paine, the patriot, died in 1809



Bottom: Villagers take pride in their community's "riper, richer charms" including an interesting array of restaurants, specialty shops and stately town houses



all found a niche for their life-styles in Greenwich Village. For dreams and dreamers, the atmosphere was high-spirited—and the rents were cheap.

Today many American cities have their own "Bohemian" quarters and there are few conventions left anywhere to step above and beyond. But Greenwich Village still shimmers with its own 300-year-old history that dates back to the dueling shadow of two early residents, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. In a world that changes daily, the Village has preserved the distinct personality of a friendly small town within a pulsating metropolis where even the butcher and baker and laundress know your name. This quality is referred to by Villagers as "living on a human scale."

The spirits of Villagers continue to soar high, but there's one major difference between the Greenwich Village of today and yesteryear when Eugene O'Neill, Theodore Dreiser, Isadora Duncan and Edna St. Vincent Millay walked its tree-lined streets. Rents aren't cheap anymore. Bohemia has acquired an expensive chic. In their patched dungarees, ratty furs and Twenties dresses (found in thrift shops), Villagers may look poor and some are, but the kind of basement apartment on Christopher Street that inspired Ruth McKenny to write *My Sister Eileen* in the Forties now requires a tenant who can pay \$300 a month.

At the turn of the century, when Henry James lived in a Georgian town house on Washington Square, the great novelist observed that, for Americans who had traveled in Europe, the Village—with "its riper, richer look"—was the only place to live in New York. And today many illustrious names, ranging from Ramsey Clarke to Bella Abzug, from Lauren Hutton to Bette Midler, prefer the Village's riper, richer charms to the staid quality of uptown.

Liberal politicians, writers, danc-

The old-world Village contrasts with the new World Trade Center (background)



ers and academics who teach elsewhere (for them, the Village has the best discount bookstores in town) snap up property. Robert De Niro, the hottest star in Hollywood, just bought a town house for \$190,000. And button-down-collar executives are descending on the Village. They crave apartments with uneven brick walls and arched windows, no matter what price.

The Metropolitan Opera singer Leontyne Price has lived in the Village for 22 years on a quiet street of Georgian Revival and Federal town houses. "I think food even tastes better down here," says Miss Price. "The grocer knows me, always smiles hello. We all know each other." Casually dressed in blue jeans and a sweater, she adds, "If I went around like this uptown, people would say, 'Get her!' I don't have to doll up here when I go out." She can also vocalize arias from *Tosca* at dawn without alarming the police. "Bless these thick old Village walls," she says with a laugh.

Visitors, unfortunately, often miss the subtler, civilized aspects of Greenwich Village simply because they only see the novelty stores on West Eighth, a semi-main street. A serious exploration into the community might well begin by getting off a Fifth Avenue bus at Washington Square. However, if the trek is made by subway, all local trains stop somewhere in the Village—usually at Sheridan Square-Christopher Street or West Fourth.

Washington Square was first a marshland, then a potter's field and later the site of a hanging gallows. The famous Arch, designed by Stanford White, was built in 1876 for the centenary celebration. Although Romanesque in form, it looks vaguely Parisian, giving lower Fifth Avenue the relaxed impression of a Paris boulevard.

A tiny cobblestone cul-de-sac a few yards north of the Arch, with picturesque two-story houses that immediately evoke the Chelsea section in London, is called Washington Mews. Completely secluded from the tall apartments nearby, the mews looks much like a Hollywood Greenwich Village "set."

But there are two other rows of mews cottages tucked away in the Village. Just off West 10th Street and Avenue of the Americas, and hidden by the Jefferson Market (which has the intimacy of a country store), are Patchin Place and Milligan Place, constructed as boardinghouses in the late 1840s for the Basque waiters at the Brevoort Hotel on lower Fifth Avenue. The stately Brevoort was torn down, but the private double courtyard of three-story lodgings remains as an elegant reminder of an old world. Curiously, many uptown New Yorkers on a downtown trip hurry past the courtyard without noticing it. Art critics, writers, and advertising designers now live in the former boardinghouse-apartments.

The gabled Victorian monstros-

ity across the street on Avenue of the Americas, with stained-glass windows and tower, is the Jefferson Market Library. The triangular land was once the city's original courthouse and jail. Historical note: It's the courthouse where Harry K. Thaw was tried for the murder of Stanford White. Strongly possessed with local issues, Villagers saved the courthouse from demolition. So, today, it stands as an extraordinary Gothic branch of the library system.

Five of the Village's most desirable—and centrally located—residential blocks are West Ninth through 13th streets, between Fifth and Avenue of the Americas. Many of these old town houses, converted to apartments and shaded by linden and ginkgo trees, are beautifully preserved examples of Greek Revival and Italianate architecture.

Village streets tend to twist and turn. Bleeker Street, for example, runs "L" shaped through the Village, sometimes confusing visitors. The short stem of the "L," west of Seventh Avenue, is crammed with exotic jewelry boutiques and antique stores. Below Sheridan Square—an island of bistros and sidewalk cafes with names like The Riviera and Pennyfeathers — Bleeker curves southward and runs parallel to Washington Square Park. On this long stem of the "L" are cabarets and night clubs, Off-Broadway theaters—and lots of Italian restaurants. The smell of *fettucine* and fresh bread gives this peek into

"Little Italy" the spiciness of an antipasto. Macdougall Street crosses Bleeker; and the Provincetown Playhouse, where Eugene O'Neill saw his first plays performed, still exists, although at a different Macdougall address.

Westward, toward the Hudson River, are landmark houses, some 200 years old, which are often missed by visitors who walk around Sheridan Square and then head back uptown after a recommended espresso at the Peacock Cafe (on Greenwich Street) or a hamburger at Chumley's, a former Twenties speakeasy (86 Bedford). The West Village streets, such as Bank (Willa Cather wrote at No. 5) and St. Luke's Place (Jimmy Walker tossed houseparties at No. 6) offer startling glimpses of frontyard gardens, private lampposts and spiraling wrought iron staircases.

The sturdy explorer who tramps westward eventually confronts the Hudson, where old piers are to be replaced by tennis courts, a marina and a public pier for armchair voyagers. On summer days, the Morton Street pier is crowded with sunbathers watching luxury liners float by. The boat already docked there is a maritime high school. The historic Federal Building looms over the waterfront, at the end of Christopher Street, like a medieval castle. Completed in 1899, the red-brick fortress was, until recently, a post office. The Romanesque structure will be adapted into an apart-



The demand is so keen for Village apartments and town houses that prices have rocketed to astronomical levels



ment building with an arcade for shops on the ground floor.

A summer walking or bicycling tour can provide a relaxing Sunday afternoon outing, particularly if the trip begins early enough to allow for a noon brunch at a Greek, French, Italian, Chinese or Indian restaurant—they're all in the Village. But almost any summer afternoon, when New Yorkers have escaped the city, offers an uncrowded view of the Village and an opportunity to observe Manhattan's friendliest, most unhurried dwellers.

For a night out, a club that best typifies Greenwich Village in all moods and life-styles is a jazz spot called Arthur's Tavern, on Grove Street. For the price of a drink, oldtime locals pack the joint (and it's definitely a *joint*), to hear the superb artistry of Mable Godwin, an almost unknown performer who is the Village's own Ella Fitzgerald. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the indomitable Mable invites her friends to sing solos, accompanied by her jazz backup.

And in this rinky-dink bar, the Village becomes timeless. The decade could be the Thirties or Forties or whatever period you want. "I don't know what time it is, I never know," Mable laughs before the dawn's early light. "I just figure it's Greenwich Village time. That's good enough for the nice folks here, and that's sure good enough for me." □



GLOVE COMPARTMENT



Small Clubs with Big Talent—Evenings in New York offer variety in small clubs where you can catch new acts by good—if unknown—talent. Two of the better ones are *Once Upon a Stove*, 325 Third Avenue (near 24th Street) and *The Improvisation*, 358 West 44th Street. Call ahead to find out who's playing.

Revival Movie Houses—Perhaps you hanker to see a favorite old movie—to see Paul Henreid light two cigarettes at once in *Now Voyager* or to see James Cagney in *Public Enemy* smashing a breakfast grapefruit into Mae Clark's surprised face—without the distraction of late-show commercial breaks. New York has several revival movie houses, including the midtown Carnegie Hall Cinema, Seventh Avenue at 57th Street (757-2123).

Everything Doll-Size—Children of all ages will be enchanted by the exhibition of antique dollhouses on display through Labor Day at the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. Included is an 1860 replica of a New York City brownstone town house and the Stettheimer House, built in the 1920s, which has a real miniature painting by Duchamps hanging in a drawing room and tiny figures of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas dressing for dinner upstairs.

Serious Toys for Railroad Buffs—Railroad buffs will want to investigate three stores on 45th Street, just west of Fifth Avenue. Model Railroad Equipment Corporation, 23 West 45th, bills itself as the "world's largest train store" and apparently stocks just about everything in model railroad equipment, all sold at list prices. At the Roundhouse, 14 West 45th (2nd floor), the stock is limited but prices are discounted. Next door to it is another railroad hobby shop, The Red Caboose, 16 West 45th.

Books from Whodunits to Sci-Fi—Wheretobuy a whodunit? Murder, Ink, 271 West 87th Street (between Broadway and West End Avenue), exclusively stocks the ghostly and the ghostly—mysteries and books on the occult. If

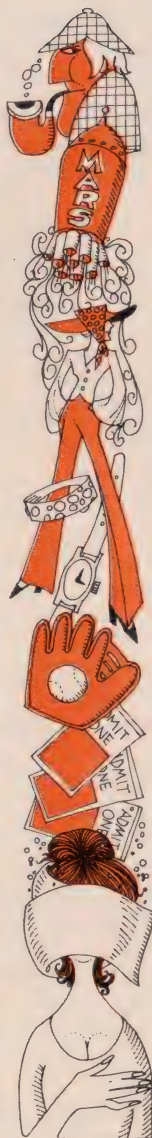
you prefer to get your chills from science fiction, The Science Fiction Shop, 56 Eighth Avenue (between Jane and Horatio streets in the West Village), offers the largest collection of sci-fi books in the country, perhaps in the world. It imports extensively from England and deals in out-of-print as well as current titles from Asimov to Zalazny. The elegant, wood-paneled decor of Rizzoli International Bookstore, 712 Fifth (corner of 56th Street), creates the best book browsing atmosphere in the city. Besides foreign language editions and beautiful coffee table art books, Rizzoli has a first-rate foreign magazine and newspaper stand.

Bargains in Apparel, Jewelry—In the heart of the garment district—the thirties between Seventh and Eighth avenues—are numerous discount-price shops. Offprice (Stanrose Company), 491 Seventh Avenue (between 36th and 37th streets), carries current designs by Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren and Diane Von Furstenberg, among others, at about half the retail price.

Southpaws, Take Heart—New York has a store just for you, The Left Hand, 140 West 22nd Street (10th floor). It's open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and will sell you everything from left-handed catcher's mitts to scissors, watches and special kitchen implements.

Show Tickets at Half-Price—If prices for Broadway theater tickets leave you limp, remember the "Tkts." (tickets) booth in Duffy Square on 47th Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Open every day at 3 p.m. (noon on Wednesdays and Saturdays for matinee tickets), the booth sells half-price tickets for performances that evening of certain posted Broadway, Off-Broadway, Lincoln Center and City Center shows. The line at the booth may look long, but it moves quickly and is worth the wait.

Pamper Yourself—Feel exhausted at the end of a New York day? Spoil yourself a little by making a late afternoon appointment (the day before or, with luck, the same day) at Georgette Klinker, 501 Madison Avenue, for a facial (\$26), a one-hour massage (\$20) or a manicure (\$12). There's an adjoining men's salon offering the same services (rumor has it Robert Redford goes there). ☐



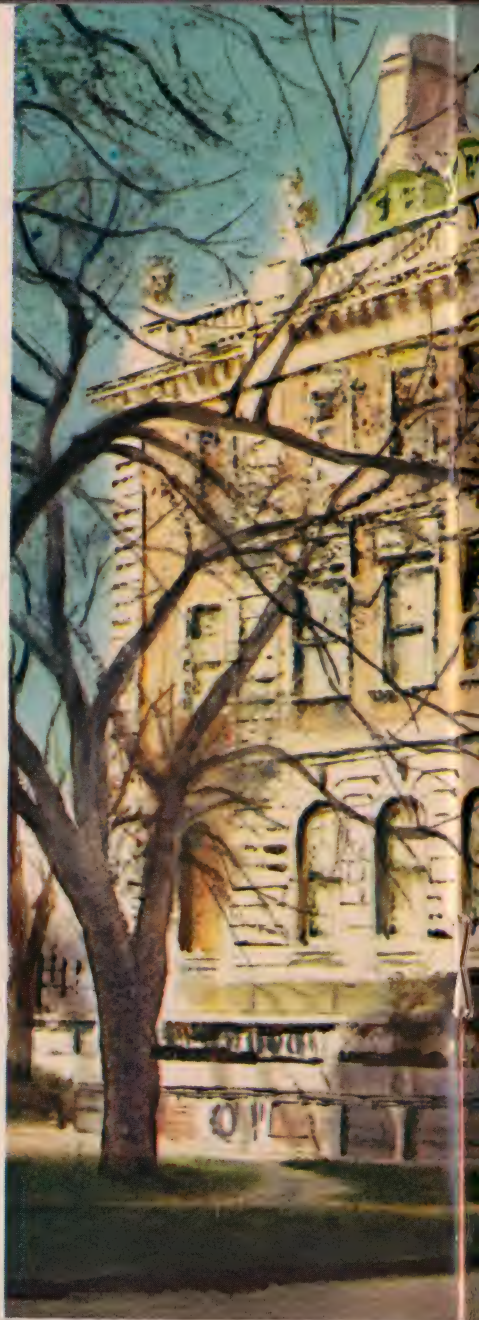
COOPER- HEWITT

A Wonderful New Museum

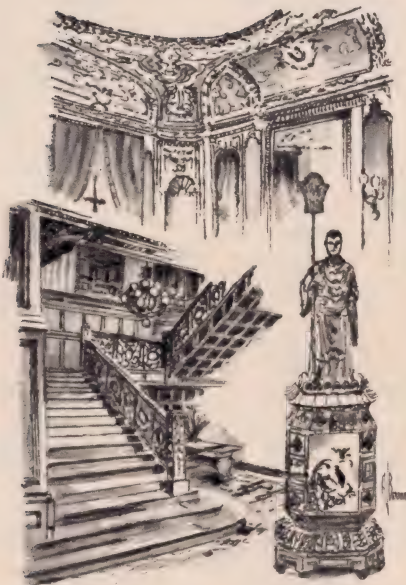
MUSEUMS alone could keep New York visitors occupied for a long, long time. There are 46 of them—13 devoted to history, seven to science, 26 to the fine arts. Among the latter the biggest is the Metropolitan, which ranks with the greatest art museums in the world; the smallest is the Frick Collection, an exquisite gathering of Old Masters in Henry Clay Frick's house on Fifth Avenue.

Somewhere in between is the newest museum, the Cooper-Hewitt, just off Fifth Avenue on 91st Street. Whether it should actually be classified as a fine-arts museum is hard to say, but it can't be classified as anything else. It is a museum of design containing both art and objects. Like many of New York's museums, it can only be described in superlatives. It is marked by imagination, ingenuity

painting by Arthur Barbour







and wit. It is a serious museum with a sense of humor.

Not long ago, the Cooper-Hewitt, which is part of the Smithsonian Institution, opened with an exhibition titled "Man Transforms." One interesting part of this exhibit was called "Cloth as a Tool." Among the applications of cloth were the sails of ships, and to illustrate it, the museum showed an enormous model of a sailing ship—inside a huge glass bottle. This particular exhibit included cloth for communication (semaphores), cloth for energy (windmills), cloth for shelter (tents), cloth from birth to marriage to death (diaper, wedding veil, winding sheet) and with a

burst of humor a photograph of a bikini on a girl.

Also part of the Cooper-Hewitt opening on aspects of design was an exhibition of bread. It consisted of a long table on which were displayed a hundred loaves, each one different from the others, illustrating every known shape of bread from every part of the world. There was a display of hundreds of hammers, from a delicate jeweler's hammer to a mighty hammer wielded by a lumberman. There was an exhibition of doors—the door to a dentist's office, to a bank vault, to the boss's office, to a hideout for lovers. One of the most unusual and charming was an exhibition of bird cages—a Victorian bird cage, a cage from Japan, a mahogany cage in Gothic style—all beautiful, ingenious and completely unexpected, and presented with breath-taking imagination to suggest the world of sky, cloud and trees that a bird sees from its cage.

A visit to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum provides another pleasure—the museum building itself. This was the home of Andrew Carnegie. It was completed in 1901 and in every sense of the word is a mansion, six stories of solid brick, with intricate inlaid floors and a vast main hall whose walls and ceilings are of oak carved in Scotland.

The museum is in an elegant part of New York—upper Fifth Avenue, close to the Metropolitan Museum and Central Park. □

The Party at Bloomingdale's

by Frances Koltun



BLOOMINGDALE'S is the quintessential New York experience . . . the biggest free party in town . . . the place where you are as likely to run into Robert Redford, Princess Grace, Jackie O, Liza Minnelli, the Paul Newmans . . . eight floors, one mezzanine, three basement levels and various nooks and crannies all of them bursting with marvelous merchandise like a fantastic horn of plenty. It is the most trend-setting store in New York, probably the world, and the joy of our lives.

What makes Bloomingdale's a favorite New York playground and a neighborhood center, all wrapped in one? The building itself is old—over 100 years—and stands squarely on the frontier of Manhattan's upper East Side, on Lexington Avenue between 59th and 60th streets. Around it the sidewalks swarm with crowds, street peddlers, hawkers of junk, music makers, pretzel sellers. On Lexington Avenue itself are tacky fast-food places, and everywhere is a cacophony of traffic noise from cars making their way to the Queensboro Bridge.

But, go inside, up the stairs to the main floor, and there is a burst of brightness, a sea of white and silver-mirrored cosmetic counters, leafy pale green plants, and in their midst, the escalators, the lifeline of the store. Sail on to them and drift upward, all the way to the eighth floor and make your way down (as New Yorkers will, taking

the whole of a Saturday to "do" Bloomingdale's) and the store's magic charms you.

Its housewares department is a dazzlement of pots, pans and gadgetry; its vast lingerie department has a head-spinning range from flannels to sexy silk satins. Its trend-setting model furniture rooms—rebuilt from scratch every six months, changed every three months—are decorating fantasy built from ideas and merchandise, and a magnet for some 4 million people every year. Its delicacies department provides for some of New York's best tables with more than 100 different kinds of breads, 300 cheeses and 7,000 delicious morsels.

Bloomingdale's executives believe they must be merchants, showmen and museum curators, and base their appeal first on superb, abundant merchandise. The store's eye for the fashionable in every category and price range is nearly unerring. There is a staggering breadth of selection, and enormous stocks are shown on open racks, in cases and boutiques in a sprawling, informal layout. Its salespeople are a warm, friendly, democratic bunch. Whether you're a mogul who has rushed in from Beverly Hills to buy a tin rhinoceros for \$900 (animals are big as room decoration this year) or a young secretary hankering for some fresh lilacs at the Flower Stalls, you are comfortable in the store.



Crystal is a Baccarat specialty



The Fendi Boutique (above) and Celine (below) are among the myriad of small shops within Bloomingdale's



When surveyed, most adults consider shopping an "amusement," so Bloomingdale's sees itself in competition, not with other stores, but with the Woody Allen films shown on Third Avenue, or Central Park on a sunny day, or the Guggenheim Museum. To keep its crowds coming, the store keeps itself a never-ending party. With new departments, demonstrations, shows, a whirlwind of vigor and life, Bloomingdale's is always "on stage."

It is also a living, breathing museum of contemporary taste, and people come here just to see what's happening. Bloomingdale's seems to have an extra sensitivity, extra antennae, for anticipating the ebbing and flowing of fashion and life-style.

If, then, you ask its customers why they come here, the answer is

Objets d'art grace this model room



invariably: "It's *fun*." One customer said reflectively: "It's like an event to me. Everything is presented more theatrically and invitingly. It has a panache to it."

Bloomie's is irrevocably, lovingly tied to New York City and to New Yorkers to whom it pays the superb compliment of giving the best of the world's merchandise. It has woven itself into New York's social and cultural life with its series of special events each year, nearly all open to New Yorkers merely for the price of a ticket, a good portion of which goes to charity. In recent years, there have been parties for the Joffrey Ballet, Cancer Care, the Kips Bay Boys Club. In May, Bloomingdale's in its daring way sponsored the first major salute by a store to black designers—and black customers—and called it "The Black Expression—A Statement of Style." The store will set up a dinner for 1,300 in one of its departments, then put itself back together again for the next day's business.

Everything and everyone runs at a highly charged pace and Change is the name of the game. The store reminds one of a theatrical road company whose sets are up one day, changed the next. Departments in Bloomingdale's appear, take wing, then melt away overnight. If there's a trend brewing, a special environment is created for it. Bloomingdale's, then, is an ever-changing phenomenon of shops

within a shop. Many great designers have boutiques of their own: Halston, Missoni, Charles Jourdan, Celine, Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Yves St. Laurent and lately, Zandra Rhodes.

The store visualizes its customers as young in spirit, adventuresome, well-traveled and fairly affluent but it is very careful to stock basics and inexpensive items. It maintains a deep concern that its customers should find honest value in whatever they buy, whether a pair of jeans or a Zandra Rhodes creation. Its influence is felt from coast to coast among retailers. Designers are always anxious to sell to it because once you can say it sells at Bloomingdale's, people in merchandising will be impressed.

In the last few years, Bloomingdale's has begun to reach out across the country to serve people who do not live in New York. It now has about 50,000 charge account customers outside its market area, and it is happy to send catalogs to anyone who asks.

If you come to Bloomingdale's for the first time and are slightly bewildered, remember that New Yorkers are, too. Leave yourself plenty of time and start at the top and work down. If you are planning to buy home furnishings and accessories, bring room measurements and color samples with you. Bloomingdale's design consultants will be glad to advise you, without charge, and shop with you through-

out the store. If you are interested in ready-to-wear, ask the information desk on the main floor for a list of all the departments that carry, let's say, dresses; then, "case them all" and decide. Plan to come back again and again to the store during your visit to New York; each experience will be different. Bloomingdale's is not a store for rushing in and out.

If you get carried away, ask the store to open a charge account, and you'll find yourself a member of the fan club. It includes celebrities, young working couples, singles, chic East Siders, just plain neighborhood folk and even the Queen of England. When Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was here last year on her Bicentennial visit, the only store she chose to see was Bloomingdale's. Royalty knows—and so does everyone else. □

Utensils shine in the Cook's Kitchen



Steamboat A-comin'

*The Julia Belle Swain has opened a door
to the past and folks along the Illinois River love it*

by Jerry Klein
illustrations by
Larry McManus

CHURNING upriver from Peoria, Illinois, these summer days, her paddle wheel raising long swells astern, her deep, melodious whistle echoing along the bluffs and far

bends of the river, is the first steam-powered packet boat to be based on the Illinois since 1935. She is the 156-foot *Julia Belle Swain*, finished in the spring of 1971 at the 101-year-old Dubuque Boat and Boiler Works in Iowa and christened at Peoria May 8 of that year.



She has brought back the sights and sounds of an earlier day when boats with tall stacks belching smoke were regular callers along the waterfronts of the river towns. And when she looms out of the summer evenings, white water curling away from her bow, her calliope sounding slightly off-key and her 1916 steam engines whistling softly, the past is back again and an era that long seemed to have been closed is instead reopened.

For years along the Illinois, there has been only the harsh klaxons of towboats and the throb of diesels. But when the *Julia Belle* hauled into the little towns and landing spots on her upriver voyage from Grafton, where the Illinois joins the Mississippi, people poured down to the river by the hundreds. At one town teachers brought whole classes of children to see what it used to be like. Old timers came to look and stayed to reminisce. Kids wanted to know when and how they could get a ride.

The idea of a new steamboat for the river was that of Captain Dennis Trone, who came out of the Navy in 1963 and founded the Sangamon Packet Co. with his brother, appropriately named Robert E. Lee Trone. The two began running a small diesel-hydraulic excursion boat at New Salem, where Lincoln lived as a young man. Public response convinced the Trones that people might be ready for the kind of authentic river boat

that now exists mainly in legend. For on all the inland rivers there were only two old-time steamboats left, the *Delta Queen* at Cincinnati and the *Belle of Louisville* at Louisville.

The Trones bought half interest in the Dubuque Boat and Boiler Works in 1965. It is an old company that has turned out some of the most famous boats on the river. Among them were the *U.S.S. Ericsson*, built in 1894 and regarded as the world's first torpedo boat; a railroad ferry in 1907 that was remodeled 30 years later to become the *Admiral*, which still is carrying passengers at St. Louis, and the *Sprague*, biggest stern-wheel towboat ever made and now a riverfront museum at Vicksburg.

Dennis Trone began designing and building diesel-powered boats for such cities as St. Louis, Dubuque, Kansas City, Minneapolis and Lake Geneva. But his idea for a real steamboat remained.

The idea took off when the Peoria Area Chamber of Commerce sent a committee to Dubuque to look into the possibilities of a sizeable excursion boat to help bring back life to Peoria's riverfront.

When Trone was able to acquire the *City of Baton Rouge*, a steam-powered ferry that was replaced by the new Baton Rouge bridge, the river's newest steamboat began to take shape. Trone towed the ferry to Dubuque, stripped out her 1916 Gillette & Eaton steam engines,

pilot house wheel and paddle-wheel-drive parts for the new boat. The hull would serve as a wharf boat and floating restaurant at Peoria. And the *Julia Belle Swain*, newest of the river steamboats, was on the way.

Her name came from a packet that had been based at Peoria nearly 50 years earlier, one of the boats run by Captain Percy Swain and named for his daughter.

When the *Julia Belle* arrived at Peoria May 8, bands played, aerial bombs exploded, politicians delivered speeches about the great river that had carried Marquette and LaSalle and helped to settle the interior of the country. Julia Belle Swain Shelton of San Francisco cracked a bottle of Peoria whiskey over the bell on the boat's Texas deck and said, "I christen thee *Julia Belle Swain* reincarnated." And the deep steam whistle erupted with a stirring blast that awakened

long-stilled memories along the river and fired the imaginations of young and old.

She carries 400 passengers on her 1½-hour trips at 1, 3 and 5 p.m. daily. Dinner or dancing trips, or both, also are available. Her first deck is open, as were those on the old packets that Mark Twain piloted. Her second- and third-deck cabins are richly carpeted, have radiant heating in overhead panels and are studded with the kind of ornate fixtures that recall the golden age of the river. High atop in her gingerbread pilot house is the massive wheel from the old *Baton Rouge* and on the main deck are the engines, made 61 years ago and executing day after day a precise and fascinating choreography with a faint whisper of steam.

There is a feeling of grandeur about her as she slips proudly upriver, the wind singing its old songs in her rigging. The steamboat has come back to the Illinois, bringing the past to the present and restoring to the river something of the glamour and romance that once made it famous. □

Editor's note: The Peoria Area Chamber of Commerce annually, usually in June, sponsors Steamboat Days on the Riverfront. The three-day event includes boat racing, continuous entertainment and a lighted parade of boats. For information, write the Chamber at First National Bank Building, Suite 307, Peoria, Illinois 61602.





Edison Lived Here

by Marge Waterfield painting by Dorothy Clark

THE small brick cottage, built in 1842 by Samuel Edison, stands overlooking an old canal basin. Trees have grown tall and thick where hundreds of wagonloads of grain once lined the horizon. The cottage is part of the rural community of Milan, Ohio, three miles south of the Ohio Turnpike. Milan hasn't changed much since the days when it was the second largest grain port in the world.

Samuel and Nancy Edison were loving and devoted parents and led a simple life. They had no vision that the baby born to them in the small first-floor bedroom on February 11, 1847, would someday change the living habits of the entire world. The baby was christened Thomas Alva Edison, one

day to become America's most famous inventor.

Among Edison's inventions were the phonograph, the motion picture and, of course, the light bulb. On a visit to Milan in 1923, he was shocked to find the cottage still lit by candles and kerosene lamps. He quickly had electricity installed and the incandescent bulb he had invented 44 years before lit the small room where he was born.

In 1947 his home was opened to the public as a museum and today thousands of people annually visit the birthplace of this remarkable man. Visiting hours vary depending on the time of year. For details, write to Edison Birthplace Association, Inc., 9 Edison Drive, Milan, Ohio 44846. □

My Short, Happy Career in Used Books

by Jane Goyer

paintings by Fred Browning



LAST SUMMER, for a very short time—exactly two weeks—I was in the retail book business. For two whole weeks I was my own boss, feasting my soul on beauty, and my mind on knowledge—and making money besides. Here's how it happened.

I'd gone to a little village on Cape Cod to rest. Also to benefit by the lower prices before T.I. (Tourist Invasion). The weather was sunny and gorgeous, the countryside just coming into greenness again. I had a darling little room in an old-fashioned hotel. But in two days I was bored by lack of activity.

I attended a nearby auction of household goods. Books from a large private library sat in cartons on the lawn. Never able to pass up a book bargain, I joined in the bidding. It slowed down at \$4.50, and I bid \$5.00 on what I thought was a carton of books. But to my chagrin and amazement, I found myself the owner of 500 books. I had bid on the lot. I was surrounded by books. And all mine.

What to do? I had only one little hotel room to take them to. I left a small boy on guard while I sought a solution. A short distance away stood an abandoned hot dog stand—a crude shelter about 10 feet long and four feet wide, with a sloping top to be propped up with a stick during business hours, or fastened down with a padlock at night.

Soon I located the owner and closed a rental deal—\$10 for one week. In less than an hour, helped by the small boy and two of his friends, I had installed my stock. I was in business. It was an extraordinary collection. I spent all the rest of that day scanning and sorting the books—odd volumes of early popular novels by Ouida, Mrs. Southwick, George Eliot—history books, law books, Westerns, Shakespeare, Plato, and other classics, Bibles, poetry, textbooks.

By the end of the day I understood my stock, and put up a sign on the roadside: "Old Books For Sale. 25¢ and 50¢ each." The good bound books were 50 cents, the cloth bound ones were 25 cents. I was eager and ready for the next morning, when I could begin selling. I was so excited I hardly slept all night.

Treasured books as child

As a child I'd treasured books as other little girls treasured dolls. Later in life I became interested in town histories—any old book with information about our early beginnings or pioneer lore. I joined historical societies to learn all I could about any city I lived in. That's why I could never pass a bookstall without stopping, but I never realized how many other people are similarly constituted.

On that first day, at least 100 men, women, and children stopped at my little bookstall. Cars would

pass by, slow down, stop. They could not resist it. When I closed shop at the end of the day, I counted my money. I'd sold enough books to recover my original investment and realize \$11 profit. I was very tired, but happy.

Next morning I was up bright and early, sitting on my stool at the stall. In came the customers. A few from the previous day came back. They browsed, talked together, discussed books, and they bought. I discovered that people love "freak" books and books with queer titles. By "freak" books I mean those that are controversial or on odd subjects. Such as *Five Years in a Lunatic Asylum* and *The Know-Nothings*. These books sold quickly. In a few days, they all were gone.

Browsers often sentimentalists

I found, too, that many browsers are sentimentalists, not scholars. They wanted books they'd read in childhood—*Robin Hood*, *The Bunny Family*, *Grimms' Fairy Tales*—to read or share with children or grandchildren. Also they looked for books with old woodcuts or pictures recalling childhood memories. One customer asked, "Would you have an old Bible with engravings by Doré?" She said those grim pictures used to fascinate and horrify her as a child, but she would love to have one again. There were none in this collection.

When someone bought what I

considered a dull and uninteresting book, I'd ask why. The answers always surprised me. One woman buying a dilapidated spelling book I was ashamed to take a quarter for, said, "It looks just like the one I used years ago." A man who bought a frayed copy of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* told me it was his mother's favorite. He remembered her soft, sweet voice reading



the lines. He hoped it would bring her close again.

I came to appreciate the sentiment people feel for things old and remembered, and the tremendous veneration Americans have for anything connected with our heritage or early history. Books like *Goodrich's History of America* and Peter Parley's *United States of America* sold quickly. And any "states" books with photos were almost fought over. One customer "upped" the price to \$1.00. "You

are cheating yourself," he said.

In five days my shelves were depleted, but some of the neighbors had offered me more books to sell. And I accepted them. Why not? Why abandon ship while it was merry sailing? I was having a wonderful time—meeting fine friendly people and making money besides.

I visited several old houses whose attics contained books. In most cases the owners were glad to be rid of them. Sometimes I'd pay a dollar or two, but more often the owners would say, "Oh, just take them away, and thank you."

In only one case did I find a really valuable book: a first edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, bound in pale green cloth, with advertisements in the back. I immediately returned it to its owner, who then insisted that I return all the other books that she had given me. About 12 grimy books, all rubbish. Many people have the notion that all old books are valuable, but out of a thousand or more, you might find only one or two that are rare and worth quite a bit of money. But this is part of the fun. You never know when you might find one.

One day a very old lady drove in. "Do you happen to have any books bound in leather, black leather?" "In what category?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "it doesn't matter. My son has left home and taken all his law books. I need to fill up the empty shelves." In 10

minutes I had 40 big black leather volumes, some law books, some fiction in Spanish, German and French. Handsome books. I sold her the lot for \$20 and carted them to her car. "Now it will seem like home again," she said. "I was so lonesome." And she left happy.

On the final day I changed my sign to read "10¢ and 25¢ each." I did a brisk business.

By the end of the day, I still had about 40 books, mostly fiction. I was ready to close up now, and I thought of simply leaving the books. I'd had my fun, had made a host of new friends, gleaned much information and pleasure from reading my books in spare moments in between sales and had even kept a few choice items to take home.

Kept four books

I kept Catlin's *North American Indians* for its colorful pictures of American Indians in native dress. *Early History of New England* by Henry White, though yellowed, I hated to part with. Another history of New England by Hannah Adams, *History of the Jews* by M. A. Buck and *Great Rebellion* by Thomas Kettle, I chose to keep.

While I reached for the key to close up, in walked a customer. "Too late," I said. The man grinned. "I just wanted something to read." I pointed to the pile of books. "They're all yours," I said. And I was out of business. □

Ford Leads the Way in Mechanic Certification

by Edward A. Robeson



Robin Roberts, service technician at Sloan Motors, Inc., a Ford dealership in Downingtown, Pennsylvania, was the 100,000th mechanic certified for competence by the National Institute for Automotive Service Excellence. His sleeve stripes indicate certification in six of eight service specialties

LOOKING for an expert mechanic to service your car? You'll find him in a Ford dealership.

The high odds on getting a thoroughly qualified mechanic at a Ford dealership result from the large number of Ford mechanics who have passed certification tests conducted by the National Institute for Automotive Service Excellence (NIASE).

To gain the coveted NIASE certification in any one of eight automotive service specialties, mechanics must pass demanding tests developed and administered by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey—the organization that developed and administers scholastic aptitude tests more familiarly known as the “college entrance boards.”

More than 100,000 service technicians throughout the country have passed one or more of these tests, and Ford dealerships have a higher percentage of certified mechanics than any other automotive-service organization in the country. To date, 13,600 technicians working in Ford dealerships are certified in one or more specialties, and 2,730 are certified in all eight.

The NIASE program, sponsored jointly by the National Automotive Vehicle Manufacturers Association and the National Automobile Dealers Association, was established in 1972 to upgrade the technical proficiency of the automotive service profession. In the program's

first year, more than 14,000 technicians took 53,000 tests in the various technical fields. Each year, more and more mechanics "hit the books" to bone up for the tests, and twice a year they report to some 250 testing centers set up throughout the country for two days of comprehensive examinations.

To become certified in engine repair, a technician must pass a test on valve-train and cylinder-head assemblies, block assemblies, cooling and lubricating systems, ignition, fuel and induction systems, and manifold and exhaust systems.

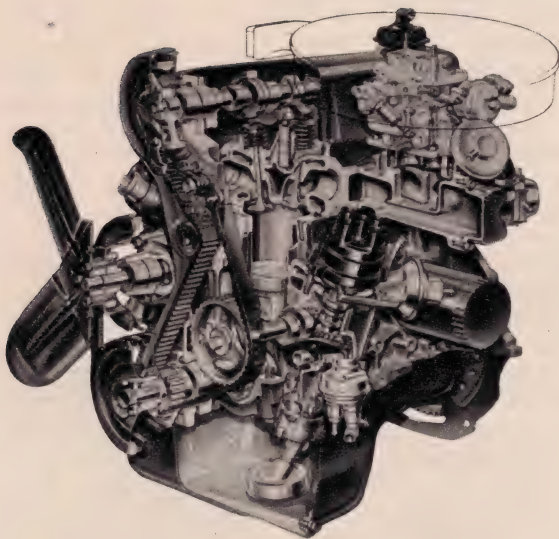
The eight specialties in which mechanics may be certified—each of which comprises several sub-specialties—are engine repair, automatic transmissions, manual transmissions and rear axles, the front-end suspension and steering system, brakes, electrical systems, heating and air conditioning and engine tune-up. To be certified as a General Automobile Mechanic a technician must pass all eight tests. To maintain his certification, a technician must be retested every three years on technical changes in new models. Heavy-duty truck mechanics face a battery of six tests and body-shop technicians are certified in two specialties.

Backing up these highly proficient service technicians are massive training and equipment-development programs carried on by Ford Motor Company's Ford Parts and Service Division. The division main-

tains service training schools in 38 cities across the country, staffed by 88 service engineers who also visit dealer service departments for on-the-job training sessions.

At Ford's Service Research Center, engineers develop and test modern diagnostic and repair tools and systems for use in Ford dealerships. Through the company's Rotunda Equipment Program, Ford dealers now have access to more than 2,300 pieces of equipment for diagnosing problems and repairing Ford cars and trucks. Some of the equipment developed and tested includes diagnostic instruments for analyzing engines, emissions-control systems, electrical systems and air-conditioning units, choke and speed-control testers, and sensing devices that locate air and water leaks. Ford dealers have invested more than \$75 million in special tools to give customers the very best service available. □





Great Performer

Ford's 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine

by Michael E. Maattala

LOOKING for an engine that's responsive to your right foot, designed for durability, and stingy on gas, too?

If so, try a great performer—Ford's 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine. It's standard on all 1977 Pinto and Mustang II models except the Mach 1.

The 2.3-liter features a high-efficiency design, one reason why Pinto and Mustang II are such fun-to-drive cars. With its overhead

camshaft, cross-flow cylinder head and two-stage carburetor, the 2.3-liter produces more horsepower per cubic inch than any other Ford car engine.

Ford designed the 2.3-liter to last a long time, too. More than 24,000 dynamometer test hours and 1,777,000 test miles went into its development. The engine block is made of lightweight cast iron and the crankshaft is fully counterweighted for a lower bearing load. Other features

contributing to the engine's durability are hard chrome-coated exhaust valve stems, heavy-duty overlapped copper lead bearings and positive lubrication of rocker arms.

Car buyers who are fuel-economy minded will find the 2.3-liter to be a perfect powerplant for the Pinto and Mustang II. In Environmental Protection Agency tests, Pinto equipped with the 2.3-liter and a four-speed manual transmission received estimates of 37 miles per gallon on the highway cycle and 26 miles per gallon on the city portion. Mustang II with the same powerteam was estimated at 33 miles per gallon for the highway cycle and 23 on the city cycle. Most California results are lower. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition

and optional equipment.

Low scheduled maintenance costs are another strong point of the 2.3-liter. The oil-change interval, for example, is 10,000 miles or six months. Hydraulic lash adjusters eliminate the need for periodic valve adjustments, while a new DuraSpark ignition system not only reduces maintenance—there are no points or condenser to replace—but helps provide fast starting and efficient running.

Ford engineers also added a new carburetor linkage to the 2.3-liter this year. Compared with 1976, the linkage features faster opening of the throttle in respect to foot movement, giving a more responsive feel. In addition, the linkage provides automatic-transmission downshifting with less throttle movement than was required in 1976. □

ENGINE SPECIFICATIONS

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Cylinders | 4 In-line | SAE net horsepower at rpm | 89 @ 4800 |
| Displacement | 2.3 liters (140 cu. in.) | (Except Calif.) | |
| Bore | 96.037mm (3.781") | SAE net torque at rpm | 120 @ 3000 |
| Stroke | 79.400mm (3.126") | (Except Calif.) | |
| Compression ratio | 9.0:1 | Carburetion | 2-barrel |
| | | Valve train | Overhead camshaft |
| | | Valve lifters | Hydraulic |



Pinto 3-Door Runabout



Mustang II 2 + 2



Mustang II Ghia

Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



THE GRIFFIN NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Suzanne Pham, the owner, cordially greets guests at this popular East Side restaurant at 313 East 46th Street in the neighborhood of the United Nations. The menu features many Vietnamese-French favorites of Mrs. Pham's native Vietnam. American specialties are also available. Lunch and dinner are served every weekday; dinner only on Saturday. Reservations necessary. Closed on Sunday and August 27 to September 5.

VIETNAMESE BROCHETTE

- 1 pound boneless veal
- 1 pound chicken breasts
- 1½ large onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- ¼ teaspoon Five Spices
- 2 teaspoons rice flour
- 3 teaspoons honey
- 1 cup red wine
- 6 teaspoons soy sauce
- 24 slices bacon

Cut raw chicken and veal into 1½-inch cubes. Combine remaining ingredients, except bacon, and marinate meat for at least 6 hours. Roll bacon around chicken and veal cubes and arrange on 6 skewers. Place on a tray and bake in a 500° oven for 20 minutes. Baste with marinade. Serve with hot buttered rice and mustard sauce (below). Makes 6 portions.

MUSTARD SAUCE: Combine ½ cup of vinegar with 3 teaspoons dry mustard, 2 tablespoons soy sauce

and 1 teaspoon sugar. Blend well.

SALMON MOUSSE

Combine 1 envelope gelatin, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup boiling water and 1 small onion slice in blender. Blend 1 minute. Add ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 pound cooked and ground fresh salmon, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 2 dashes Tabasco, 1 cup heavy cream and salt to taste. Blend until smooth. Turn into bowl and fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped and 1 teaspoon chopped capers. Pour into mold, chill until firm and serve with Cucumber Sauce (below). Serves 4.

CUCUMBER SAUCE: Sprinkle 1 cup chopped cucumber with 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Let stand 15 minutes and drain. Add to cucumber 1 cup yogurt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper and 1 teaspoon dried mint, or dill crumbled. Refrigerate.

PECAN PIE

Put 2 ounces melted butter in a blender, then add 1¼ cups brown sugar and blend well. Continue blending and add 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons corn syrup and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Grease a 9-inch pie pan with butter, then line with pastry. Cover crust with a half pound of pecan halves. Then pour on blended mixture. Bake in 375° oven for 40-50 minutes or until pastry is brown and filling is set. Cool. Serve topped with whipped cream.

painting by George Samerjan



painting by Richard A. Young

HATHAWAY HOUSE BLISSFIELD, MICHIGAN

For 15 years the Arthur Weeber family has operated this charming restaurant in a 125-year-old Greek Revival style home, a Michigan Historical Site. There are seven beautiful dining rooms, each with a fireplace and hand-hewn oak ceiling beams. Lunch and dinner served every day except Monday; special smorgasbord on Sunday from 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Reservations advisable. On U.S. 223 in town, it is 12 miles west of U.S. 23 about halfway between Adrian, Mich-

igan, and Toledo, Ohio.

CARROT MARMALADE

5 large carrots
2 whole lemons
4 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Grind carrots and lemons (rind included) together, add sugar and mix well. Let mixture stand in refrigerator overnight so a good syrup forms. Simmer the following day until carrot bits are tender. Add walnuts if desired and store in refrigerator. Makes about a quart. Serve on hot biscuits with a chicken dinner.

THE GREAT AMERICAN WINERY, PUEBLO, COLORADO

There are four small dining rooms, each with its own fireplace, in this interesting restaurant owned by Douglas Ring. His wine cellar is one of the best-stocked in the West. Just a few miles from Pueblo Dam and Lake, it is four blocks north of U.S. Highway 50, at 4289 N. Elizabeth Street, which runs parallel to I-25. Dinner is served every day, except Sunday and major holidays. Reservations not taken.

GARLIC STEAK WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Rub 4 12-ounce top sirloin steaks with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons garlic salt. Place in cast iron skillet with $\frac{1}{2}$

pound of melted butter, remaining garlic salt and 1 bunch green onions, finely chopped. Cook 10 minutes in garlic butter, over low to medium heat, turning steaks often. Transfer steaks to a greased cast iron skillet. Allow garlic butter to continue cooking over low heat while steaks are being finished. Transfer steaks to serving plates and top with mushroom sauce (below). Serves 4.

MUSHROOM SAUCE: Add 1 pound of fresh sliced mushrooms to 1 cup of melted butter. Sauté for a few minutes, then add a dash of dry vermouth, 1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice and 1 teaspoon of garlic puree. Cook a few more minutes and serve hot on garlic steaks. Sauce also can be served on broiled beef patties.

painting by Robert Boston

Letters Letters Letters

Hail to the Dump!

Dear Sirs: We thoroughly enjoyed James Nicholson's "Down in the Dumps" in the March 1977 issue. It reminded us of friends in Comins, Michigan, who lovingly refer to their dump as the "Trading Post." To keep things under control, an unwritten law requires every depositor of junk to take something away. This keeps dump maintenance to a minimum.

Unfortunately, here, as in the East, the dump is being replaced by sanitary landfill, dumpsters and the like. Frankly, the big iron monsters are more of a blight on the scenery than the dump ever was. And we're not too sure that this is progress.

W. T. Maher
Northville, Michigan

Super Supertree

Dear Sirs: I have been receiving FORD TIMES for many years and I keep all of the issues on file. The travel articles are of great use on vacation trips. In the January 1977 issue, your article entitled "Black Walnut—Supertree" mentions a tree purchased for \$12,600. I am enclosing a copy of a news article published in the *St. Louis*

Post-Dispatch describing a black walnut that recently was sold in Ohio for \$30,000. I thought you would like to add this to your records.

D. A. Gross
Lake St. Louis, Missouri

What, No Cake and Candles?

Dear Sirs: In October, 1970, we purchased a 1970 Ford LTD Brougham from Dick's Cascade Ford in Bellevue, Washington. We would like you to know how pleased we have been with the car's performance. We have driven more than 224,000 miles and the car has not required any engine work. Our most expensive repair was for a new windshield wiper motor, but living in the rainy Northwest may account for that. We get 12-15 miles per gallon and oil consumption is nominal. A few months ago when the odometer was about to record the 200,000th mile, we and four friends had a little party for the car, releasing a load of balloons from the car windows as the indicator turned 200,000. It's a good thing no law officers were around! During the 6½ years we have owned the car, we have continued to receive FORD TIMES through the courtesy of Dick's Cascade Ford. We enjoy the magazine and will return to that dealership when—if ever—our Ford fails to perform.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sodergren
Olympia, Washington

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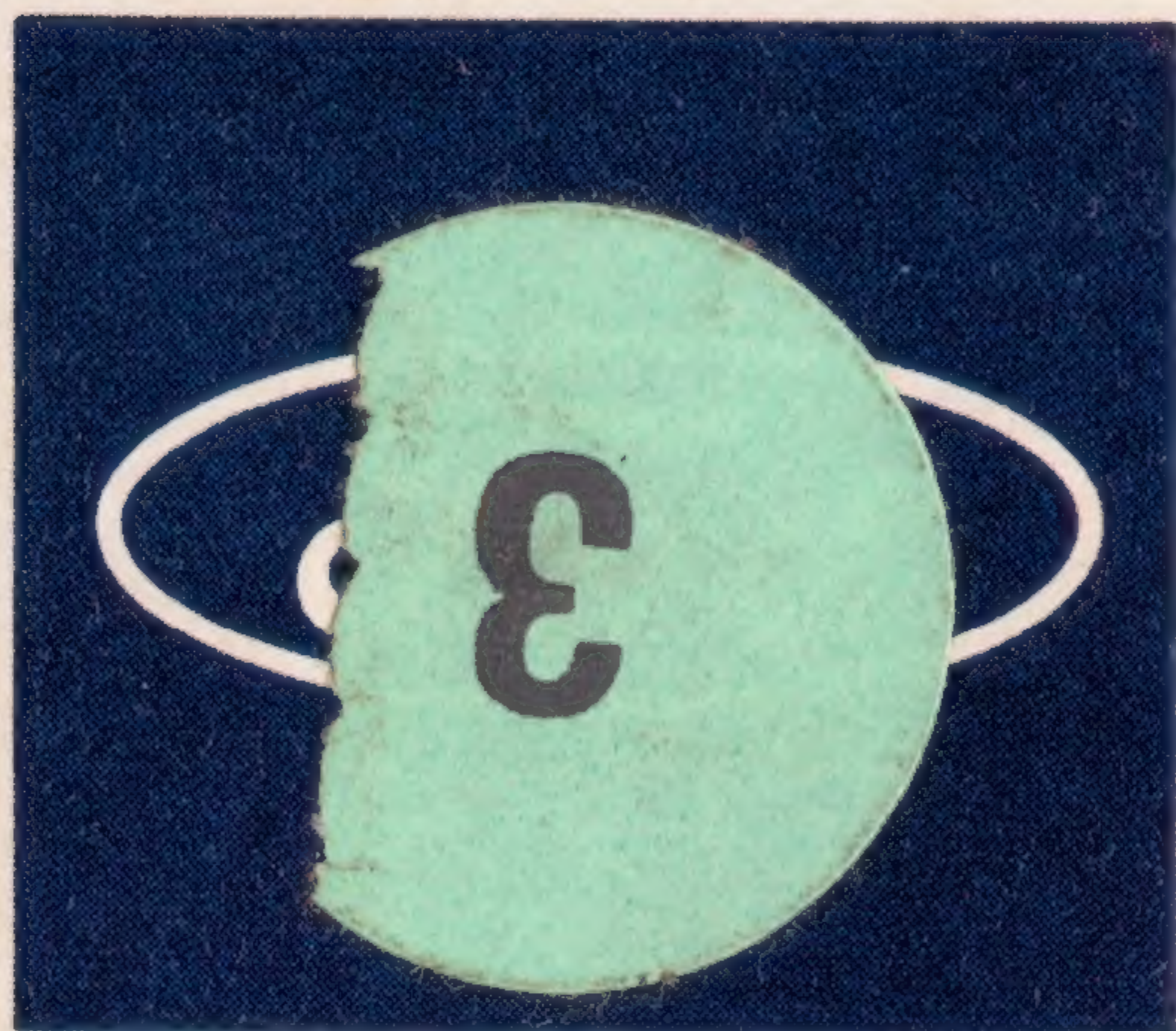
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